THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

ON DREAMING.

There is scarce any operation of the mind, which has claimed the attention of the philosophic world, that has so long baffled research, as that of dreaming. It is obvious that the nature and utility of this plastick quality of the mind, cannot be thoroughly developed, till we have more adequate and definite ideas, of the nature, cause and physical operation of sleep, in which state of the mind alone these vagaries of the imagination are produced.

This singular property of the mind may, in my opinion, be considered, in a great measure, a *desideratum* in the science of mental affections. It is a subject that has by no means escaped the observation and attention both of the ancient and modern world; and infinite have been the opinions and theories advanced, none of which have been found to withstand the test of experience, and observation.

The ancients, who, from superstitious impulses, were led to pay particular attention to this faculty, have endeavoured to account for the production of dreams, upon various principles, both physical and supernatural: but notwithstanding their religion induced them to investigations, which might have otherwise been neglected, they are very far from an unanimity of sentiment, and are perhaps a greater remove from the truth than the moderns.

Such dreams as were held the result of divine, or at least of supernatural agency, were of three kinds...first, such wherein the *Gods*, or departed spirits, appeared to man, in their *real* and sometimes assumed forms...as where Morpheus, the god of dreams, assumed the body of old *Nestor*, and appeared to Agamemnon, strongly urging him to give battle to the Trojans...or where the beautiful goddess *Persephone*, upbraided Pindar, the celebrated lyric poet, for neglect, in having sung the praises of all the other goddesses and pretermitted her; the poet made her the most friendly promises of future notice, and after death, appeared in a dream to a matron relation of his, and recited a poem composed by him in honour of this romantic goddess.

The second class of dreams, was, that in which future events are figuratively or typographically revealed...such was Cæsar's unnatural dream, which was evidently in allusion to his future greatness, when he should hold the empire of the *earth, the common mother,* all things animate or inanimate.

Such, also, are most of the dreams recorded in the sacred writ.

The third kind, was such wherein things which were to happen were *fairly* and *perspicuously* delineated.

Nearly of this kind was that of Crosus, the Lydian king, who dreamed that his son Atys would be slain by an *iron* weapon.... Atys was for a long time forbidden the use of arms, but having at length prevailed upon his father to permit him to hunt down a wild boar, which for a long time had been the terrour of the neighbourhood, he was unfortunately slain by his guardian Adrastus.

Various have been the opinions of the ancients as to the cause of dreams. Some have asserted that all dreams have their genesis from the earth, either by its obstructing the passage of the solar light, and thereby occasioning night, which was esteemed a state of the atmosphere particularly favourable to the formation of dreams, or from the perfumes exhaled from the stomach, which, during the digestive process, were thought to occasion an artificial atmosphere round the body of the sleeper, retarding the motion of the animal spirits, and so affecting the brain, that the accustomed operations of the mind are disturbed, and wandering unrestrained by reason or the force of habit, into the regions of fancy, give birth to these strange representations called *natural* or ordinary dreams.

It is obvious that those who were anxious for a *true* or prophetic dream, would seduously avoid eating such diet as is not easy of digestion ; hence it became almost a science to ascertain the qualities of the various articles of diet ; but fish, raw fruits of all kinds, beans, and wines, were never indulged in by such as were anxious for a *true* or prophetic dream.

Although the false or unprophetic dreams were generally ascribed to the physical operation of food on the brain, yet they were also imputed to the infernal deities or spirits, as said by Virgil in his sixth Æneid—

"Sed falsa ad Cœlum mittunt insomnia manes."

Dreams were also attributed to Luna, or Hecate, who, was the guardian of the night, hence she was always invoked at nocturnal incantations, and her influence was greatly valued upon. The goddess Brizo of Delos, was by others considered the furnisher of dreams ; so also hawks and vultures were esteemed *souls* encompassed in material forms, and that these souls,upon the dissolution of the birds, being divested of materiality, assumed various modifications, and appearing to man whilst asleep, revealed the true or prophetic dreams.

But of all the opinions as to the probable cause of dreams, enumerated by ancient writers, none is so singular and visionary as that mentioned by the Mantuan poet in his sixth Æneid...the *delusive* or unprophetic dreams are oy him considered to be conveyed by various messengers of Somnus, from a spreading elm, situated near the portal of hell, to whose pendant *leaves* the various dreams are attached, and from thence plucked as necessity requires.

" *In medio ramos annosaque brachia pandit*
" *Ulmus ossaca, ingens quam sedem somnia vulgo*
" *Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque subomnibus hærent.*"

" Full in the midst of this infernal road
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad,
The god of sleep here hides his heavy head
And *empty* dreams on every *leaf* are spread " DRYDEN.

An infinitude of dreams were considered to attend the person of Somnus. This drowsy god, as Ovid informs us, had *three* attendants, who, for their ingenuity and perseverance in the discharge of their various functions, have been particularly distinguished from the rest. These were Morpheus, Phantasia and Phobetor ; the office of the first was to assume the *human* form, and to imitate their actions, manners and gestures : this he executed with such an exquisite versatility of power, that he is frequently, by way of eminence, called the god of sleep, and hence often confounded with his great master Somnus. Phantasia had the delineation of the inanimate world for his employment, and often presented a luxuriant feast to the picturesque imagination ; rocks, fountains,cascades, verdant groves,and purling streams,he frequently so happily united,as to render the scene more exquisitely grand,than the happiest delineation of the pencil, or the finest combinations of nature and art. But at other times,as if entirely bereaved of his judgment, he would picture such an heterogeneous group, as could not but force a smile on the face of the most stoic sleeper, so violating every rule of proportion, nature and beauty, as more than to incur the satyrical remark of Horace,

" Delphinum appingit sylvis in fluctibus aprum."

But this great versatility of genius rendered him an extreme favourite, particularly with the poets, who, no doubt, deduced many of their finest images from his delineations.

Phobetor was of a very different cast. He employed himself in assuming the likenesses of the animal but irrational part of the creation, taking frequently that of the serpent, to which he seemed much attached. His office also was the inspiration of terrour,hence the Incubus, or night mare, with most of our unpleasant dreams, may be placed to his account.

But the principal originator of dreams, and the master of these three preceding personages, was Somnus, who as Ovid mentions, had his habitation among the Cimmerii, a nation on

the western coast of Italy. In this rude and savage country was his den or palace, so happily described by this beautiful poet. Around him lay myriads of dreams, of every description, prophetic, delusive, pleasant, terrible, clear, confused, long, short, and in fact dreams of all sorts and sizes, which at pleasure were carried forth either by himself or his messengers.

In this palace of Somnus were two grand portals or avenues through which all dreams were considered to pass.

Delusive dreams were imagined to pass through an *ivory* gate, and the "somnia vera" or prophetic, through one composed of transparent and well polished horn.

> "Two gates the silent house of sleep adorn,
> Of p. lish'd ivory *this*, *that* of transparent horn.
> True visions through transparent horn arise,
> Thro' polish'd ivory pass delusive lies."
>
> DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

Great attention was paid to the characteristicks or distinguishing marks of the *true* or divine dreams, and among other things greatly relied on, was the time or period of the night in which the dream happened. The most generally received opinion was, that those dreams which came about the dawn of day are the most distinct, and are entitled to the greatest degree of credence. Of this opinion was Horace.

> "Post mediam noctem visus, *quum somnia vera.*"

So also Ovid,

> "Namque sub Auroram jam dormitante lucerna
> "Tempore quo arni *somnia vera* solent."

Likewise Homer, who mentioning the propitious dream of Penelope concerning Telemachus, who was then in search of his father Ulysses, particularly relied on it since it had appeared to her at the early dawn of Aurora.

This opinion was founded on the principle or theory already mentioned, that delusive dreams owe their genius to the physical operation of food in the stomach, during the digestive process, which sending forth a cloud of fumes which surround the body, give a hebetude to the intellectual powers, and occasion those disturbing dreams which we frequently have in the early part of the night.

But in the morning, when the mind is free from any unnatural influence, when balmy sleep renovates the body and infuses new life and vigour into the system, this period naturally suggested itself as the time in which the divine or true dreams might be expected to make their appearance.

The gods of the "somnia vera," (as we learn) were not lavish in their distribution of them. They required courting, and would neither deign to penetrate the murky atmosphere of animal exhalation, nor to make their appearance to such as were *cloathed* in an improper dress or colour.

Hence the most usual night dress was white, which was considered to have a considerable influence in giving both perspicuity and veracity to the dream.

It would require volumes to recount the many strange and superstitious notions of the ancient world with regard to this faculty, but the whole of them are the offspring of ignorance, superstition and credulity.

The opinions of many of the moderns, though they emanate a beam of truth through this dædalian intricacy, are nevertheless frequently marked with the stamp of irrationality. In fact, nothing but the ill founded vanity of theorists can induce one to attempt to treat this subject in a scientific manner. The nature of the human mind (though long the object of philosophical inquiry) yet remains so obscurved by inpenetrable clouds, that this faculty (as well as that of the imagination, to which it is referred) cannot be understood till there be more light thrown on the nature and affections of the mind.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADELAIDE;
OR, A LESSON FOR LOVERS.

AFRAGMENT.

Translated from Le Poète, ou Mémoires d'un homme de lettres.

[Continued from p. 313.]

We repeated the insiduous piece, which spread its flame through our hearts, that felt new and strange palpitations. Our souls united in the soft and ardent tear of passion. I was standing behind Adelaide, my head leaning over her panting bosom ...one of my boiling tears fell on her breast...a drop of oil from the lamp of Psyche...Love, held in by a remains of timidity, broke his curb, forced every barrier that until then had opposed him; and I fell again at the feet of Adelaide...I started up ...threw myself in her arms. Mechanically she folded them round me. Adelaide's innocence was lost forever * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

What a victory, great God!...Yet such is the high name which youth, blind, impetuous, unreflecting, and thoughtlessly advancing by the paths of corruption to immortality, dares to give, in his gross and sensual intoxication, to this inglorious triumph; inglorious because it is that of brutal strength over weakness, of crime over virtue. What a victory, great God! is that which condemns vanquished innocence to eternal tears, and the self-detested vanquisher to eternal remorse, if there yet be left to him the smallest spark of soul.

O my Adelaide!...O lovely angel, prophaned by the transports of a barbarian unworthy of approaching thee! who can

restore to thee the treasure which has now been torn from thee ! who will dry up the source of thy tears for its loss ?... Thus the calm of a pure mind, thus the happiness of a whole life are at the mercy of a moment of weakness and errour.

Adelaide now saw the deep veil fall, that had been drawn over her eyes by the magic influence of love, she opened them only to survey, in shuddering, the profound abyss into which my inconsiderate conduct had plunged her. She arose and cast around her a look of abstraction. She fell again upon the sopha that had witnessed my successful and insolent audacity. She at last perceived me through the clouds which still spread over her uncertain view. She extended her hand towards me, and attemped to speak, but her voice was lost in bitter groans. Her breast at last discharged its oppressive burthen in sighs ; her heart dilating, sent tears to her eyes, which flowed in torrents on my breast, where I mixed them with my own. We could weep... ah ! we shall soon be able to hear each other speak.

" Fly, monster ! fly, infamous seducer ! spare at least thy unhappy victim the insupportable sight of her executioner."... So another would perhaps have said, but that other would only have proved, by such rage, a habit, well established, of falling and of accusing the incendiary, after she had with her own arts set fire to the house.

But such was not my Adelaide. Her misfortune (for it was one) had centuplicated her sensibility. After having in some manner emptied into my breast the pure treasure of her yet chaste tears ; she raised her long eyelashes, and fixing her eyes upon me with a look of inexpressible tenderness, said in a voice softer than that of zephyr complaining to the roses, " Oh, my friend ! what have we done ?"

What have *we* done ?...celestial creature ! should thou not have said...wretch ! what hast thou done !

I was at her feet. Her left hand on which her head was reclined, rested on my shoulder. In her right she still held mine ; she yet held it, the innocent, the adorable being !... and this hand was covered with my repentant kisses.

" Is then my misery without any remedy ?"...When death seizes on the heart he does not strike with a cold more piercing than that which spread over mine at this question...In what manner reply to it ?...I felt humbled even to annihilation. I was in an agony that appeared interminable, when the door of the antichamber opened. We flew to the harpsichord, and seemed to continue to sing in the same attitude as before.

It was the good Geneviéve who had closed the warehouse, uneasy to know how her mistress, whom she with good reason called her child, did. Ceasing to hear the music, she feared something was the matter. We assured her that her fears were groundless : but having observed that we both seemed disturbed, and that our eyes were somewhat swelled, we told her

(and without falsehood) that it was the duo had produced that sympathy ; and that it had forced us to quit the instrument to recover our composure.

" It must be very tender"...those tender sentiments..." Oh ! excessively."..." If without fatiguing you my children.....I love in my soul.. Adelaide knows I do.. Is it not so my child... when I say *my child* I hope that...but how she has grown under my eye !...Rise my Adelaide...look, behold that form...well... and yet it was I whose arms first received her...I heard her first cry.....Apropos, I heard a cry while below, I was about coming up ; but I said to myself, it is perhaps a part of the music, for she cries sometimes so much that she makes her throat sore.... But no matter ; the duo : can you sing it again ?...Lets see."

There was only this means of arresting her volubility. We sang it. Recollection drew fresh tears from us. The good old woman mixed hers with them : she thanked us for our complaisance, declared we were made for each other, that they ought to marry us, and that should they do so, I might be sure of receiving a treasure, an unequalled treasure ; and that in short while she hoped it,she would now serve the collation that we had so well deserved. She went out aud returned immediately with an excellent preparation, wished us good appetites, advised us not to fatigue ourselves too much with singing, and descended to the shop, not to return again, as Adelaide instructed her, until called.

Amidst her garrulity, poor Geneviève had, unknowingly, dropped the consoling words...." They ought to marry us."... This idea which had often visited me, but which I had avoided too much encouraging before what had just passed, poured upon my sickened heart the balm of hope, which I immediately endeavoured to participate with my despairing friend.

We seated ourselves to the collation, with equal disinclination to touch it. Our souls, absorbed in their own unchearing meditations, took from us all disposition to attend to the wants of the body. After a long and mutually painful silence, I took again the hand of my dear Adelaide, and sought in these terms to convey tranquillity to her heart

" You ask me, my adorable Adelaide, if your misfortune is without remedy...no, thou soul on whom rests my life, no, it is not irremediable...the good Geneviève, without apprehending the force of what she said, has pointed at the true and only remedy."..... What say you, my friend ? what did she say ?... " Our union."..." Is that possible ?"..." Adelaide, if you are not mine, whose would you be ?"..." Cruel ! never will Adelaide be the wife of another !"...She threw herself on my breast to give vent to her sighs....." You shall be mine Adelaide !... our conditions are the same ; I mean those of our parents.... To judge by what I see the fortune of my father is very considerable : our ages, that is to say mine, may form an

obstacle; but light, and easy to surmount. I study medicine under one of the best masters now known: he has my welfare at heart; I may with his aid acquire an adequacy even before the age prescribed for obtaining my degree. Your father seems to accord me his friendship; and has even smiled at the idea of our union...Why shut our hearts against a hope so delicious?... Why not, at this moment, make the solemn vow to live only for each other.

Have you seen those clouds which, during the storm, obscured the golden beams of the sun. dissipate by degrees, and restore the star of day to the possession of the heavens, and his own brilliancy? such was the effect of my words on the amiable and ingenuous Adelaide. We pronounced the vow. And, simple as we were, imagined ourselves from that moment married, and that our union was equally sacred and indissoluble as if sealed at the altar of Hymen....Oh love! it is not without reason that thou art made the God of man, and the sovereign of Gods!

Adelaide's physical and moral griefs disappeared together: one before love, the other before hope: and we parted in the firm persuasion that we were husband and wife, inasmuch as there were only wanting the priest and the notary, on whom we fully calculated as soon as the proper time should arrive. These were but the dreams of passion, the illusions of lovers, who wished yet to believe themselves virtuous. The thoughtful, the chaste Adelaide required such aids to support the idea of this evening, and to reconcile her to herself. The deception was rude, but the result was possible; and we had left no choice of consolations.

(To be Continued.)

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

(Continued from p. 330.)

It may at first sight, appear extraordinary, that in remarks purported to be on quarantines, the reader should be occupied with an account of insects which should seem wholly foreign to the object in view. But when it is remembered that the design is to shew that the cause of death is substantially the same in vegetables and animals, and that this is provided to obviate the excessive multiplication of both; and also that man, as an animal is governed by the same law, then it will follow that every human means to frustrate such a purpose must be vain, and that our reason can be only usefully employed, when it is exerted to mitigate an evil which it can never prevent. If what I have to offer should lead to a conviction that every such attempt is as useless, as it is certainly injurious; or should stimulate any one possessing more capacity and more leisure to prosecute the sub-

ject so as to effect the conviction aimed at, neither my time nor that of the reader will have been employed unprofitably.

Reaumur, who has given us six large quarto volumes on the history of insects, and has employed two of them on that of the caterpillar, is so full of light, of the most interesting detail, that were what he has said on the œconomy of these little animals separated from the minute anatomical investigations, it would be one of the most interesting, amusing, and instructive works that has perhaps ever appeared.

In his twelfth memoir he observes that the caterpillars live on plants and trees. They feed, some upon the leaves, some on the flowers, others on the fruit; there are others that derive their nourishment from the roots, and others which have their abode in the interiour of plants and trees. These last are concealed from our view, and it is alone by the most sedulous attention that they can be traced to their hidden retreats.

The reverend Mr. Bingely has published a work in three vols. which he entitles, Animal Biography, or Anecdotes of the Lives, Manners and Œconomy of the Animal Creation. As amusement is more his object than information, he has avoided minute detail, but serves in some measure to effect the purpose above suggested. As it is my intention only to point out a few of the most striking facts relative to the destruction of vegetables and animals, I shall content myself, for the present, with a few extracts from his collection.

He observes that caterpillars are in general very voracious, some of them eating more than double their own weight in a day, without suffering any inconvenience from it; for the digestive powers of all animals are proportioned, as much to their size, as to the duration of their lives.

About the middle of summer a butterfly deposits from three to four hundred eggs on the leaf of a tree, from each of which in a few days, a young caterpillar proceeds. The eggs are no sooner hatched, than the young begin to form a common habitation. They spin silken threads, which they attach to one edge of the leaf, and extend to the other. By this operation, they make the two edges of the leaf approach each other, and form a cavity, resembling a hammock. In a short time, the concave leaf is completely roofed with a covering of silk. Under this tent the animals live together in mutual friendship and harmony. When not disposed to eat or to spin, they retire into their tent. It requires several of these habitations to contain the whole brood. Accordingly, as they increase in size, the number of their tents is augmented. But these are only temporary lodgements, constructed for mutual convenience, until they are in a condition to build one more spacious, which will be sufficient to contain the whole of their separate assemblies. After gnawing one half of the substance of such leaves as happen to be near the end of some twig, or small branch, they begin their

great work. In constructing this new edifice, they encrust a considerable part of the twig with white silk. In the same manner they cover two or three of such leaves as are nearest to the termination of the twig. They then spin silken coverings of greater dimensions, in which they enclose two or three leaves, together with the twig. The nest is now so spacious, that it is sufficient to contain the whole community, every individual of which is employed in the common labour. These nests are frequently seen in autumn, upon the fruit trees of our gardens.

They are still more exposed to observation in the winter, when the leaves which formerly concealed many of them, are fallen. They consist of large bundles of white silk and withered leaves, without any regular or constant form. The internal part of the nest is divided into a number of different apartments. To each of these, there are passages by which the caterpillars can either go out in quest of food, or retire in the evening or during rainy weather. These coverings, by repeated layers, become so thick and strong as to resist every inclemency of the weather, during eight or nine months.

When the frost commences, the whole community repair to their nest and become torpid. When the heat returns, they quickly revive, and acquire new vigour. By feeding on the buds and tender leaves, they rapidly increase in size, when they find the nest and all the entrances to it too small. To remedy this defect, these creatures know how to enlarge both the nest and its passages. After undergoing the several changes to which they are destined, the time of their dispersion arrives, when each carefully provides for his metamorphose into what is called the perfect animal, by spinning a separate web for itself. In this it continues a few days in the form of a chrysalid, from which in eighteen or twenty days it is transformed into a butterfly.

The fly state is the ultimate condition to which we are capable of tracing these animals. It is in this state that they are destined to perpetuate their several genera and species. For this purpose they are furnished with all the necessary materials. The female is led by the invisible hand which conducts every thing to its proper end, to deposite its eggs in such a place as may supply the future offspring with the requisite food the moment it comes into existence, or as may best serve to screen it from the enemies by which it is liable to be assailed. To effect this, instruments are given to it, by which it penetrates the most solid substances, so as, where this is necessary, to perforate the hardest wood, and even to deposite its eggs in the pith of the tree. Many of the eggs are confided to the interior of the roots, to the branches and to the stems of the leaves of trees, shrubs or plants; others on the fruits and the buds of the flowers. Were not the proofs incontrovertible, the labours they perform would exceed the utmost

bounds of belief. A few of their more striking operations shall be exemplified.

The cockchafer deposits its eggs in the ground, by means of its forelegs, which are very short and well calculated for burrowing. From each of these proceeds in a short time, a whitish worm with six legs, a red head and strong claws. It subsists on the roots of trees and plants, committing often the most deplorable ravages. These creatures, sometimes in immense numbers, work between the turf and the soil, in the richest meadows, devouring the roots of the grass to that degree, that the turf rises and will roll up as if it had been cut with a turfing spade. Whole fields of fine flourishing grass have become, in the course of a few weeks withered, dry, and as brittle as hay, by these grubs gnawing away all those fibres that fastened them to the ground.

The cockchafers are as voracious, as they were in the grub-state, feeding indiscriminately, on the leaves of every kind of tree and plant. In the year 1688, they appeared on the hedges and trees of the southwest coast of the county of Galway in Ireland, in clusters of thousands, clinging to the backs of each other in the manner of bees when they swarm. During the day they continued quiet, but towards sunset the whole were in motion; and the humming noise of their wings sounded like distant drums. Their numbers were so great that for the space of two or three square miles, they entirely darkened the air. Persons travelling on the roads, or who were abroad in the fields. found it difficult to make their way home, as the insects were continually beating against their faces, and caused great pain. In a very short time, the leaves of all the trees, for some miles round, were destroyed, leaving the whole country, although it was near midsummer, as naked and desolate as it would been in the middle of winter. The noise that these enormous swarms made, in seizing and devouring the leaves, was so loud as to have been compared to the distant sawing of timber. Swine and poultry destroyed them in vast numbers: they waited under the trees for the clusters dropping, and devoured such swarms as to become fat from them alone; even the native Irish, from these having eaten up the whole of the produce of the ground, adapted a mode of dressing them, and used them as food. Towards the end of summer, they disappeared suddenly, so that in a few days, there was not a single one left. This account is taken from the Phil. Trans. vol. 19th. p. 741. From the same work, vol. 44. we learn about the middle of the last century, a farm near Norwich in England, was so infested with them, that the owner affirmed that with his servants, eighty bushels of them were gathered; from the grubs he sustained equal injury.

Mouffet informs us, that in the month of Feb. 1574, there were such multitudes of these insects in the western parts of England,

that those which fell in the river Severn, complety clogged the wheels of the mills. *(To be continued.)*

For the Observer.

FINE ARTS.

PAINTING.

In speaking of music last week, we exclaimed that our country was indeed the *Siberia* of the arts; well, we repeat it again, and we will repeat it, until we see a gleam of taste diffused amongst our countrymen; until we discover some one of the Patricians of our *great nation,* who conceives the idea, of consecrating some few of his immense piles of dollars, to patronize talent, and encourage genius.

In our observations on music, we pitied those delicate and susceptible ears, condemned to be perpetually grated alive, without any other indemnification than that of procuring the most indifferent, and precarious existence.

But another theme presents itself to our re collection.

Phil delphia has for many years possessed, although in honorable obscurity, an artist on whom the ancients wouldcertainly have bestowed the civic crown; and to whom the sovereigns of Europe would, in happier periods, have accorded those honours and rewards, which those, who know how to appreciate genius, deem to be richly its due. Well then, we are informed that *Mr. Volozan,* who, from the testimony of several competent judges we know to be one of the most learned painters in the theory of this vast and transcendant art, has produced, after two years labour, a painting, in which all the most exquisite beauties of science and poesy are united, and the subject of which alone, merits the attention of every votary of belles-lettres, for it represents the unfortunate *Homer,* whose talents were also neglected by his contempories; we know that this piece, worthy of figuring in the cabinet of a prince, or the chamber of a senate, meets hardly now and then a transient admirer, and still less purchasers amongst us.

In a word, such are the contracted ideas of our *Grandees,* or those worth millions, which is just the same thing, that we are informed, the gentleman so *respectable* in every point of view, whose pencil produced this fine piece, is at present employed in placing it in a lottery, to derive from it $500! a sum which no one either in Philadelphia or its neighbourhood, nor amongst the heads of the government, nor in the NATION THE MOST POLISHED IN THE UNIVERSE, has the spirit to sacrifice to such an *indifferent trifle,* which it is true our accomplished gentlemen do not know how to distinguish, from the signs which decorate the shops of the *barber,* the *tallow chandler,* or the *tailor!*

To what then shall we attribute such indifference; in truth we

are at a loss to decide; unless it may be to the influence, of that which was so happily defined in the Port Folio last year, the *genius Loci* of the nation.....

Oh! what a captivating genius is this; but we fear he will make a sorry figure in Olympus, beside the Graces, the Nine, and the artist God; if indeed it were possible for him to rise from the bogs, and marshes which defend the foot of the sacred mountain, and that he could reach it, we know not how.

Our want of respect for this genius will be pardoned, for his name has never caught our eye in the list of heathen divinities: unless the genius Loci is a bastard descendant of the powerful *Mammon*, the Plutus of the trafficking Phœnicians; a divinity who being blind, might be excused for not being curious in fine productions, and for not having transmitted a taste for painting to his posterity.

Ah! yes, as long as this dull and chilling genius continues to be our palladium, our country cannot certainly be otherwise, than the *Siberia of the arts*, and even the *Tartarus of taste*, and all delicate enjoyments.

VARIETY.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 30th of May, is remarkable for two events worthy of the barbarism of the age, in which they happened. The first was the death of Jerome of Prague, who, on Saturday *the 30th of May* 1416, was burned alive at Constance, as having relapsed into heresy, and supported the doctrine of Jean Hus, the principles of which he had abjured the preceding year in the council of Constance.

The second is the execution of Joan of Arc, surnamed the Maid of Orleans, a simple villager, and at the same time a celebrated heroine, whom antiquity would have deified...but to the eternal disgrace of the English, they brutally burned her alive as a witch, *the 30th of May*, 1340, not yet 20 years old.

Her crime was, having saved her country, in forcing the English to raise the siege of Orleans, and to suffer her to conduct her soverign Charles VII. king of France to Rhiems, whom she had crowned there, and to whom she restored his crown.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Engenio's essay (on dreaming) is curious and interesting; we regret that its length precluded its entire publication this week, but it shall be concluded in our next.

Elizabeth's lines to spring are extremely pretty; they were unfortunately mislaid, or would long ago have embellished our poetic page.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

TO LAURA.

O ! if thou art, indeed, the same,
Whose matchless charms so oft I've sung;
If thou art she, whose soothing name,
So oft I've sigh'd the groves among !

And if, O, if, thou art sincere,
And giv'st one sigh to moments past;
O Laura ! quick dispell thy fear,
And bid that sigh to be the last !

Come ! and I'll hush thy cares to rest !
And fondly vowing ne'er to rove;
In transport fold thee to my breast,
Still glowing with unalter'd love !

And thou shall whisper back, again,
With looks as fond, with lips as true ;
No more to give your Frederick pain,
Whose dearest hopes depend on you !

FREDERICK.

For the Observer.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

See ! at length, reluctant spring
Comes with all her lovely train ;
From her lap prepar'd to fling,
Many a blossom o'er the plain !

Balmy fragrance fills the gale,
Early daises strew the ground;
Blythe from every hill and dale,
Music's gayest notes resound.

Sweetly pensive through the grove,
Stock-doves pour a melting strain ;
Telling many a tale of love,
Half of pity, half of pain.

Wand'ring now, the glades along,
Pleas'd, I list the rising lay ;
Catching now, the milk maid's song,
As she trips the flowery way.

High with bliss my pulses beat !
Fancy wings me to the grove ;
Where the wood nymph warbles sweet,
And the tuneful sisters' rove !

Where, full oft, at eve are seen,
Fays and Dryades sporting round;
What time Luna rising sheen,
Silver's o'er the hallow'd ground.

Fancy there delights to dwell,
There with many a fragrant flower ;
Blushing sweet from Hebe's cell,
Weaves her wild, fantastic bower !

Who'd not banish worldly care,
To those fairy plains to fly ?
Fancy, guide thy votary there—
There to live, and there to die !

ELIZABETH.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Great Jove, thy potent aid I crave,
hy potent aid *alone* can save,
Parnassus from the love sick hoards,
Of poets whose outlandish *gourds*,
Are cramm'd with folly, nonsense, rhyme,
Devoid of measure and of time;
And (if we trust their rhymes) whose hearts,
Are stuff'd quite full with *flames* and *darts*.
To shew the way they all proceed
To mention one alone I need,
Soon as some beauty wounds his heart
Away he hies to ease his smart,
To seek the muse's hallowed grove,
Dives into the castalian spring,
Invokes his muse—begins to sing;
As when a burning coal is cast,
Into a tub of water, fast
In clouds the humid streams ascend,
And quick with th'atmosphere it blends:
To rise their odes, their ditties, songs
Complaining of innumerous wrongs.
(Their madness *cool'd*, their rhymes abate,
No more their hopeless pains relate.)
Do their dulcineas *but* look grave,
Great Jove how *foolish* they behave !
They vow, they beg, they swear their hearts,
Are pierced by *ten thousand darts* !
Such are the witlings who harass us,
Such the riders of Pegassus,
Whom Jove, I pray thee to dismount,
Ere they *infest* the muses fount, P.

P. desires Madame Ironside to pardon his metaphors, and outlandish phrases, as much used by the poets, of whom, he has just treated.

[The following exquisitely beautiful Fairy Song, is from Sotheby's Mask of Oberon.]

" Hail, golden hope—we heard the king,
And shall again on boundless wing,
At will our revelry renew,
And pledg'd in acorn bowls, sip heaven's ambrosial dew.

1st FAIRY—*(solo.)*

On earth when Eve's pale twilight gleams.
I, on the gossamer with viewless pace,
The moon will challenge to the race;
And laugh to see her swiftest beams
Silvering the web that dances in the wind,
Glide, as I reach the goal, a fairy's length behind.

2d FAIRY—*(solo.)*

I, o'er the sea my course will take,
And catch with unwet feet the less'ning sail
That vanishes before the gale—
And sliding in its level wake,
Number the sparkles of the foamy tide
That, glittering o'er the prow, stream radiance far and wide.

3d FAIRY—*(solo.)*

I, through the path of air will soar,
And when the summer meteor flames afar,
Swifter than a glance of shooting star,
Will flash its transient course before;
While scatter'd from my wings in dew-drops bright,
The rain-bow's lunar arch o'er canopies my flight.

4th FAIRY—*(solo.)*

I, on the sun beam's slope will ride,
As it sinks th' Atlantic wave beneath,
From clouds of roseate lustre wreath,
My robes of light, by fancy dyed:
Fringe with etherial braid, my new-fledg'd wing,
Then spread its feathery pomp, and fan the fairy king.

CHORUS.

Hail, golden hope! we heard the king,
And shall again on boundless wing,
At will our revelry renew,
And pledge'd in acorn bowls, sip heaven's ambrosial dew."

The following charming SONG is translated from the German by Mr. Herbert

" Hail, orient sun, auspicious light!
Hail, new-born orb of day!
Lo, from behind the wood-crown'd height,
Breaks forth thy glittering ray.
Behold it sparkle in the stream,
And on the dew drop shine!
O, may sweet joy's enlivening beam
Mix his pure rays with thine!
The Zephyrs now, with frolic wing,
Their rosy beds forsake;
And, shedding round the sweets of spring,
Their drowsy comrades wake.
Soft sleep and all his airy forms
Fly from the dawning day:
Like little loves O may their swarms
On Chloe's bosom play!
Ye Zephyrs haste; from every flower
The sweetest perfumes take;
And bear them hence to Chloe's bower;
For soon the maid must wake!
And, hovering round her fragrant bed,
In breezes call my fair;
Go, frolic round her graceful head,
And scent her golden hair!
Then gently whisper in her ear,
That ere the sun gan rise,
By the soft murmuring fountain here
I breath'd her name in sighs."